Peda. And certes the text moſt infallibly concludes it. Sir I doe inuite you too, you ſhall not ſay me nay: *pauca verba.* Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Exeunt.*

Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bero. The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am courſing my ſelfe.
They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pitch that defiles; defile a foule word: Well, ſet thee downe ſorrow; for ſo they ſay the foole ſaid, and ſo ſay I, and I the foole: well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as mad as *Aiax*, it kils ſheepe, it kills mee, I a ſheepe: well proued againe a my ſide. I will not loue; if I doe hang mee: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath taught me to Rime, and to be mallichollie: and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholie. Well, ſhe hath one a'my Sonnets already the Clowne bore it, the foole ſent it, and the Lady hath it: ſweet Clowne, ſweeter Foole, ſweeteſt Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

He ſtands aſide. *The King entreth.*

Kin. Ay mee!

Ber. Shot by heauen: proceede ſweet *Cupid*, thou haſt thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left pap: in faith ſecrets.

King. So ſweet a kiſſe the golden Sunne giues not,
To thoſe freſh morning drops vpon the Roſe,
As thy eye beames, when their freſh rayſe haue ſmot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes,
Nor ſhines the ſiluer Moone one halfe ſo bright,
Through the tranſparant boſome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:
Thou ſhin'ſt in euery teare that I doe weepe,
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee:
So rideſt thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the teares that ſwell in me,
And they thy glory through my griefe will ſhow:

But

But doe not loue thy ſelfe, then
My teares for glaſſes, and ſtill ma
O Queene of Queenes, how farr
No thought can thinke, nor ton
How ſhall ſhe know my griefes?
Sweet leaues ſhade folly. Who is

Enter Longauile.

What *Longauill*, and reading:
Ber. Now in thy likeneſſe, or
Long. Ay me, I am forſworn
Ber. Why, he comes in like a
Long. In loue I hope, ſweet
Ber. One drunkard loues an
Lon. Am I the firſt, that hau
Ber. I could put thee in com
Thou makeſt the triumphery, th
The ſhape of Loues Tiburne, th
Lon. I feare theſe ſtubborn l
O ſweet *Maria*, Empreſſe of m
Theſe numbers will I teare, and
Ber. O Rimes are gards on w
Diſfigure not his Shop.
Lon. This ſame ſhall goe.
He read

Did not the heauen
Gainſt whom the
Perſwade my heart to
Vowes for thee broke
A woman I forſwore,
Thou being a Goddeſſ
My vow was earthly,
Thy grace being gain'
Vowes are but breath,
Then thou faire Sun,
Exhaleſt this vapor-
If broken, then it is n
If by me broke, what
To loſe an oath, to wi

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